

Good King Wenceslas

John Mason Neale

Traditional

CHORUS

1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out, On the Feast of Ste - phen,

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of two sharps. The music features a repeating eighth-note pattern. The lyrics for the first stanza are written below the notes.

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp and e - ven:

This section continues the musical score with two staves in treble and bass clefs, common time, and a key signature of two sharps. It shows a continuation of the eighth-note pattern established in the first stanza.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,

This section continues the musical score with two staves in treble and bass clefs, common time, and a key signature of two sharps. It shows a continuation of the eighth-note pattern established in the previous stanzas.

When a poor man came in sight, Ga-th'rинг win - ter fu - el.

This section concludes the musical score with two staves in treble and bass clefs, common time, and a key signature of two sharps. It shows a continuation of the eighth-note pattern established in the previous stanzas.

2. *Tenor solo.*

'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'

Treble solo.

'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain.'

3. *Tenor solo.*

'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'

Chorus.

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4. *Treble solo.*

'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.'

Tenor solo.

'Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

5. *Chorus.*

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.